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Hugh Stanton and Molly Green

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Hugh Stanton and Molly Green.

YOU soldiers all wherever you be,
I beg a warning take by me,
And never from your colours fly,
It's for deserting I must die.

Wild Hugh Stanton is my name,
From Ashburn in the park I came,
And at the age of seventeen,
I fell in love with Molly Green.

She was a beauty I do declare,
And came from Whitechurch in Shropshire,
She was an angel in my eyes,
Which caus'd me from my colours to fly,

Long time I wooed her for my love,
But she wou'd never constant prove.

O then I did return again,
Unto this proud and scornful dame.

Desiring she would not disdain,
A bleeding heart and dying swain,
She said young Stanton I pray forbear,
For I know you are a deserter.

At Derby town it was my plan,
I put my trust in a false young man:
I took him for my friend to be,
But Judas like he betrayed me.

From January until July,
On boards and stones I there did lie,
Praying to Heaven both night and day,
To take the thread of life away.

Then a court martial they did call,
And I was brought before them all,
It was for desertion they did me try,
The court martial judged me to die.

O then bespoke the president,
Desiring that I would repent,
Says he, I've done the best I can,
But sure you are a dying man.

Twenty five days I have to live,
And bread and water did receive,
The Clergyman came twice a day,
And for my soul did daily pray.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! it grieves me sore
To lay my bones on the Irish shore,
But General Pearson aloud did cry,
You by the law of arms must die.

But at this time from Old England came,
The Duke of Devonshire by name,
Our Lord Lieutenant for to be,
And he from death did set me free.

When that this Grace came to this land,
I wrote to him with my own hand,
Desiring that his Grace would save
A dying mortal from his grave.

Then his Grace looked these lines upon
And found I was his countryman,
Says he I'll ease thee of thy care,
And send thee into Derbyshire.

A free discharge to me he gave,
By which his Grace my life did save,
You soldiers all where'er you be,
I beg you'll warning take by me,
And never from your colours fly,
Thus ends my mournful tragedy.

THE

Tar for all Weathers.

I Sail'd from the downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy, [breeze,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
Our girls and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our rethers,
And where the wind drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have funk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yawn'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
Helm a weather, the hoarse boatwain cries
Brace the fore sail athwart, see she quivers,
As before the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster,
Beset three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud & Dick Handfail
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainfail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck.
While they funk down in peace to old Davy
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck
Well what would you have; we were stranded
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
Another guess way set the wind;
For to England I came and got marry'd,
To a lass that was comely and kind.
But weather for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.